

A
Winding-sheet
FOR
REBELS:
OR,
ENGLANDS

Grand Traytors displaid in their
Colours.

*From such who would destroy old Englands Right,
From such who'd turn our Glorious Day to Night,
From Lords o'ib new Edition, without Lands,
From Cobling Peers, made great by Mars's Bands,
From Treach'rous Aldermen, in Chains of Gold,
Let England be deliver'd; Truth enroll'd.*

London Printed for *Gustavus Adolphus*, 1659.

31

A

WINDING-UP

RECEIPTS

ENGLAND

CHURCH OF ENGLAND
CLERGY

THE
RECTOR
OF
ST. MARTIN'S
VINEYARD
CHURCH
ST. MARTIN'S
VINEYARD
CHURCH
ST. MARTIN'S
VINEYARD
CHURCH



A
Winding-sheet
FOR
REBELS.

IF Brutus and Cassius (as Roman Subjects) were adjudged guilty of Murther for the sacrificing of *Caesar* in the honourable Senate, for the appealing the wrath of the offended *Gown*, whose fall was onely bemoan'd by persons adhering to the Government of a *single person*; their Crimes being withall mitigated by their forecast of forming a Commonwealth or Free-State without him: If these lay under such a guilt, what shall we do with our *Nine Unwaribies*, who to the scandall of Religion, the abuse of Government, the prejudice of the Weale publick, the Breach of the Priviledges of Parliament, and the ruine of the free Peoples Rights, have with an unparalleled insolency, put a Force upon the supreme Authority, *The Parliament of the Commonwealth of England*. We can do no lesse than publish their tolly, brand their infidelity, and make their Ambition and Hypocrisie their own *Winding-sheet*.

'Twas a high breach in the late King to demand five Mem-
bers

bers of Parliament; nay, 'Twas made Treason of State;
What then can we stile the Irregularities of our new Reformers, (no successful Gale blowing in their Sails) but high Treason, and the highest of Treasons!

*If Parliaments make Acts, and therein say,
 That none shall leavy Money, nor none pry
 Without their power : we can afford no pitty,
 Rebels are best to make a safe Committee.*

We will first give you a Catalogue of the Names of the late Committee of Safety's *Nine Champions*; And then dress their good Services they did in a plain way of Cookery, Garnish them with the just Reward they have merited, and *winde* them up in their own shame, to remain as perpetuall Examples of Treason, Pride, and Arrogance, viz.

The Lord Lambert,

Major Gen. Disborow.

Col. Kelsey.

Major Creed,

Lieut. Coll. Duckenfield.

Col. Barrow.

Col. Hewson.

Col. Packer.

Col. Cobbet.

These were the *Hero's* which were to do the Committees drudgery : These were they that undertake, and do, what *Guy Faux*, and *Catesby*, could not atchieve. These are they that rather than be governed, vwill Unparliament *England* in a trice, shut up the Senate house, and leave the vvhole Nations without either Civill Magistrate, or Judge to determine Causes between man and man, or to defend the Good people, and maintain their just Rights unviolated. Unpresidented actions, by impudent Impostors ! vvho could attempt to *destroy all*, vvith a pretence to *restore all*; vvho vvould needs be governing, before they had learned to obey; and vvould rule Nations, because they had rid amongst Regiments.

*From such Committees, and their Conservators,
 From Rebels, that will needs turn Legillators,
 From naked Swords, put into mad mens hands,
 From Servants proud, that won't obey Commands;*

From

*From such as these, let's pray for a Release,
Obey our lawful Rulers; Love our Peace.*

Enter now the Lord Lambert, as chief of the Rout, who must have the three Nations to himself, because he promis'd them to his troppish Wife for three kisses; 'Tis pity but he should be as good as his word. Such Commanders as he, love to follow their Leaders; and because Old *Nol* snatch'd up the Scepter, and yet kept his Sword in his hand too, - he had thought to have shew'd the Parliament a *Yorkshire Jigge* for the Government, and he and his Conservators to have *Rul'd the Roffe* without controll. If Gen. *Monck* should have turn'd Woman in the North, as Sir *George Booth* did in *Cheshire*, the business had been done, and *England* might have sung a Dirge for Parliaments, but have had never a Church left to have done it in; these being the first intendments they had for the Peoples Liberties, utterly to demolish Churches, throw down the Ministry, abolish the Laws, rule by the Sword, and at last, arrive to that Jesuitical Principle, of *Killing no Murderer*.

*If great Commanders have no other Ends,
But to abolish all that's seeming good,
He not believe what th' lower sort pretends,
Whose sole delight is fire, and Sword, and Blood.*

Room for the rest of the *Worthies*, here comes *Disborow* the Plow-jogger, who has thrown away his Paddle-staff, and got him a great Sword to kill Parliaments with; nay, that Parliament under whom, and in whose service he hath enlarged his little Farm, and made it into great Lordships; Yet not content with that, nor to be under Authority, puts on his Coat of May, instead of his old Jerkin, draws his dangerous Weapon, steps up at the Council Table, (or Committee of Safety, as they call'd it) and sweares, He'll venture his *A L L*, rather than have a Parliament again.

Exit

End

*But Joblon's mistaken, the Parliament's met,
And brave Gen'ral Monk is coming to Town;
In honour and freedom long may they sit,
To rule a're the Sword and to stablsh the Gown.*

These were the Ringleaders; the other seven will admit of distinction, though not so long a discourse of: for indeed, I think none of them can claim much Priority of Descent or Gentility: *Kelsey* I think comes from the highest place; for like a Wise man, he must needs leave *Dover Castle*, to turn out the Parliament, in hope to have had the Ruines of *Westminster Abbey*, and *Henry* the 7th's Chappel to have fallen to his share, and so have been one of the Peers of the Land beside: but the Fates had decreed otherwise:

*His ship is wrackt, he did not wisely flee,
H'as lost both Dover Castle and the Peer.*

Creed, a furious, fierce and Lyon-like Commander, fit for attempt of Treason and blood-shed, resolutely evil, undaunted to do mischief, irreconcilable to forms of Government, a Principal Verb in this grand Interruption and Violation of the Parliaments Priviledges; who, with the rest of his Comrades in the same detection, behaved himself more like one of *Vespasians* Captains at the Destruction of *Jerusalem*, than a devout Church-man, or lover of Peace and his Countrey:

*Furious and dreadful was his look,
As riding on the wing of Fame,
Thinking to level Church and Book,
And abrogate our Senates Name.*

To him was joyn'd *Duckenfield*, whose envy was mounted (as he then thought) upon the waxen wings of his future preferment; and truly, his thirsty Hanger had then quench'd her droughty heat, but that the Avenue where he was plac'd for service, met onely with the resistance of a Noble, Milde and

(77)
and Moderate Speaker, who had been used to such affronts
by the Sons of Mars :

*The Cock-pit this Achilles keeps,
To stop the Mace and Speaker too :
Performs his work before he sleeps,
And leaves the Members nought to do.*

The next in order is the worthy *Hero*, (a late Countryman of cursed *Cains* Brotherhood) *Coll. Barrow*, swift to do Mischief, and slow to understand his Errour: Prompted both by Pride and Confidence, enters the List of *Unpresidented Rebels*, and stands in the Gap of *Englands Ruine*, not to divert it, but to make it wider; If his desert be not given him for his labour, I shall not hereafter be able to decypher the Reward of a Pedantick Traytor;

*Whose vigorous action clad in Buff and Steel,
Might have destroy'd the Fabrick and the Frame
Of our great Commonwealth; and made us feel
More Plagues, than Egypt; but Heav'n's stop the same.*

Our following Fury is in some part to be excus'd for his Mistake in appearing in this detection, because he had an incurable defect in his Ocult faculty; it is the pregnant *Coll. Hewson*, who was not in a Condition to watch in the dark to do mischief, and therefore was assigned to stand in the streets to kill Prentices; he well performed it, flies his Indictment, loses his Regiment, sells his Coach and Horses, skulks in a Corner, and makes his Lamentation in Private.

*Ev'n such success I wish each blinde design,
If bo have not eyes to see what faults they make;
I would not (for's Estate) make's Errour mine,
The Law will ne're call Murther, a Mistake:*

Our

Our eighth *Unworthy*, furious as the rest, having left his Sea-employment, is resolv'd to make up his measure of Mischiefs on Land; appears therefore in the damn'd Force upon the Parliament, acts his part *pro tempore*, and stands lyable to be both inwardly censured, and outwardly condemn'd and executed for his treasonable Attempt,

*Why wouldst thou (Packer) leave this Calking Trade,
To wreck the Vessel of the Common-weale?
Thou'dst better Cables and Tar-pollin made,
Than Peoples Rights of Parliament to steal.*

The last of our worthless worthies, is Coll. *Cobbet*, of whom we shall onely say (as to the reproof of his Crime) these few words;

*O foolish Wight, and unadvised Cobbet,
That so came Post thy Mischief for to deal;
A Parliament thou find'st more than one Gobbet;
Depart, and to thy own Confinement steal.*

FINIS.